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**IN MEMORIAM.**  
To the father of the late SUSAN B. HIG-  
GINS, missionary to Japan.

BY REV. MARK TRAFFORD, D. D.

O friend of mine, in early days,  
With you I enter this deep shade;  
I tremble at the havoc made  
By the wild lightning's blind and blaze.

But yesterday, it seems, she gave  
Her farewell words of hope and cheer;  
We gazed to see her disappear—  
To-day she's number'd in her grave.

Most eyes looked on the offered pair,  
In the full flush of youthful bloom;  
A hush fell on the crowded room,  
As they were given to His care.

I question who this ruin wrought  
O'er this fair field of cultivated toil,  
These priceless blossoms from the soil  
To which our earnest tasks were brought.

Our shortened vision, self's dull eye,  
Sees but the marred soil and shapeless wreck;  
While all about the heaving deck  
Our heart's dear idols broken lie.

O life's dream deep, too profound!  
O question deep, too deep for thought!  
Vainly philosophy has sought  
These depths mysterious to sound.

Why should the beautiful, the pure,  
Decay and die in early prime?  
Why wither thus the fruit full vine  
Just as its fruitage seemed so sure?

Can the great Author change His plan,  
So well matured, so well begun?  
The bud just opening to the sun  
To wither in the day's brief span?

She still should live, or not at all;  
So promise-ful her chosen field;  
The sow as just begun, the yield  
N'er from the sower's hand to fall.

O purified race, cold and dumb,  
Where now is your loud-vaunted ray?  
We stagger blindly on our way,  
And vainly seek for light to come.

O sense, that looks on outward things,  
So ruled by passion's subtle power,  
Seeing the beauty in the flower,  
Blind to the source from whence it springs!

Life, death, march on with equal pace;  
Life springs from death, death feeds on life;  
Urging thus an unending strife,  
Till life shall triumph in the race.

Bloom from decay, from bitter, sweet,  
Through all His fair and wide domain;  
So rest from labor, ease from pain,  
In all this plan such contrasts meet.

And He who bore our sin-past pain,  
Hath said, "The corn of wheat alone  
Remains unfruitful, until sown  
By death, ensuring wondrous gain."

O married deed! cut off by strife,  
By hand of devil and hate;  
Yet not in vain your tragic fate—  
Your fall raised martyr's life to state.

And still the love that yearns to bring  
The offering of young life to bloom,  
Draw richer fruitage from the tomb,  
And force the lips of death to ring?

O Isles of beauty in the West,  
So long in error's murky cloud,  
Ye yet shall see the joyous crowd  
That rise to call this stranger blessed.

Ye maidens, olive-browed and fair,  
Whose sorrows had come to mourn,  
And bore them, as He ours had borne,  
Your woes the stranger deeds to share.

In the far future yet to be,  
Mothers, who to those Isles may dwell,  
Shall to their wondering daughters tell  
The tale she brought across the sea.

O friend of mine, I thus have sung  
Of these sad mysteries of life,  
To cheer thee in this painful strife  
By which a father's heart is wrung.

**REPORT**  
OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS' COMMITTEE  
ON INTemperance.

BY JUDGE ROBERT C. PITMAN.

Fourteen thousand clergymen of the Church of England in the year 1877 presented a petition to the Prime Minister and the other Bishops, members of the House of Lords, asking for additional legislation for the suppression of intemperance, and uttering this emphatic testimony: "We are convinced, most of us from an intimate acquaintance with the people, extending over many years, that their condition can never be greatly improved, whether intellectually, physically or religiously, so long as intemperance extensively prevails among them; and that intemperance will prevail so long as temptations to it abound on every side!"

As the result of this appeal, in January, 1878, the House of Lords appointed a select committee on the general subject, composed of five clerical and thirteen lay lords, who examined a considerable number of witnesses and continued their deliberations into the present year, and a short time since made their final report. Upon some topics it is elaborate and is accompanied by four volumes of evidence. Bulky as is the testimony, however, it is not by reason of the number of the witnesses, but on account of the length and detail of their statements. The oral examinations of such witnesses as Sir William Gull, Sir Henry Thompson, and Dr. Richardson upon the medical aspects of the question, have great value and interest; and the same may be said in a degree of the statements of some experts in other departments; but, as a whole, the testimony does not compare

in thoroughness and importance with the immense collection heretofore made by the Conventions of Canterbury and York in their widely-known reports.

We cannot but feel that the Lords have failed to do justice in any way to the gravity of the problem before them. But as every contribution towards the comprehension or the solution of this great problem, which presents so many points of common interest to all nations, and especially to all Anglo-Saxon people, is worthy of attention, we deem it worth while to call the attention of American readers to this recent report, which to most of them is quite inaccessible.

And, first, we desire to notice the principal results which the committee find to be established. We shall endeavor to state these in their own words, using such abbreviation as is necessary.

As to the increase of drunkenness during the past few years, they assert:—

"That in the large towns and mining districts of the north of England and south of Scotland, intemperance increased considerably during the five or six years of prosperity which followed the year 1868; but that there is no evidence to prove that the country is in a worse condition in this respect than it was thirty years ago.

"That it has not increased in the rural districts of England and Scotland, or in Ireland. In Scotland and in some parts of England there is an increasing intemperance among women. Thus in 1875, out of 31,012 arrests for drunkenness in London, the appalling number of 14,524 were women; and in certain other specified years the percentage of arrests of women for this cause in Liverpool was over 40 per cent., and in Manchester 32 per cent., while Edinburgh shows in six years an increase of 45 per cent. in such arrests.

"The increase of drunkenness where it is found to exist, is attributed mainly to the rapid rise of wages and the greater amount of leisure enjoyed by the working classes. (What food for reflections that the very blessings of Providence are turned into occasions for sorrow in so many homes by the liquor traffic!) Wages have recently fallen, but the habits of self-indulgence contracted in the years of prosperity still continue.

"We have given the opinions of the committee as to comparative drunkenness in the entire kingdom; but the police statistics, which they think should be received with caution, wear a more sombre hue. Those show that in a period of nine years the number of apprehensions for drunkenness has more than doubled. They also accept Mr. Hoyle's estimate of the expenditure for intoxicating liquor in the United Kingdom, which shows it to be £2, 18s. per head in 1860, £3, 16s. in 1870, and £4, 9s. in 1876; but they think this cannot be taken as proof that drunkenness has increased in the same ratio, because a large portion of the increase represents 'the moderate consumption by the temperate.' This sentence brings to our mind a paragraph in the testimony of Sir William Gull, who takes pains to depreciate 'temperance societies,' but who impressively says: 'I think that, taking it as a whole, there is a great deal of injury done to health by the habitual use of wines in their various kinds, and alcohol in its various shapes, even in so-called moderate quantities. I would like to say that a very large number of people in society are dying day by day, poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it.'

Upon the question as to the effect upon drunkenness of a variation in the number of licensed houses, the committee express themselves guardedly. They admit that the majority of the witnesses hold the opinion that the number of licensed houses has a direct effect on the amount of intemperance; but after the examination of certain statistics they say that the evidence does not show that any such direct relation exists. It is to be remembered, however, they add, that in large towns, while the public houses have decreased in number, they have increased in size and in the facilities which they afford. And they allude especially to the modern spirit 'of vaults and 'gin-palaces.' That an increased sale of liquor, followed by an increased drunkenness, may co-exist with a diminution of the number of liquor shops, is a paradox easily explained. No business can be measured simply by enumerating the places where it is carried on. One palatial store, like Stewart's, might replace a dozen petty establishments with a vast increase of sale of dry goods. It is temptation and facility that measure drinking. A reduction in places is consistent with an increase of these; and even where the reduction in number is not followed by an increase in extent and display, it may not be sufficient to practically affect either temptation or opportunity, and so not diminish intoxication. To be an efficient factor in the problem, the reduction must reduce the fatal facility of indul-

gence. The committee therefore wisely say 'that they desire to guard themselves from being supposed to infer that no effect upon intemperance would result from an extensive and systematic reduction in the number of public houses.'

The committee were specially directed to inquire 'into the manner in which habits of intemperance have been affected by recent legislation.' The changes in the direction of restriction took place in 1869 and 1872, with a slight reaction in 1874 after the downfall of the Gladstone ministry. Stated generally, the result was the transference of beer-house licenses from the excise to the magistracy, the shortening of the hours of Sunday sale, the earlier closing on week days, and the increased penalties for violations of licenses and for drunkenness.

While, as we have before noticed, witnesses differ as to whether, in spite of legislation, drunkenness has not been steadily increasing, yet there seems to be entire unanimity in regarding the tendency of these restrictive provisions as beneficial and that 'the conduct of the publicans' and the good order of the streets have visibly improved. As mere public measures they have unquestionably been successful; and to this the committee add, as their own opinion, that but for this legislation 'it is reasonable to suppose drunkenness would have increased at a still more rapid rate.'

Such, in brief, is the diagnosis of the case for which they are called to prescribe. It is summed up incidentally, but impressively, in a single paragraph destined to survive the rest of the report, where they say:—

"When great communities, deeply sensible of the miseries caused by intemperance, witness to the crime an' pauperism which directly spring from it, conscious of the contamination to which their younger citizens are exposed, watching with great anxiety the growth of female intemperance on a scale so vast and at a rate of progress so rapid as to constitute a new and dangerous danger; believing that not only the moral life of their citizens but their commercial prosperity is depending on the curbing of intemperance; and also that all that general improvement in public order, while it has been powerless to produce any perceptible decrease in intemperance, it would seem somewhat hard that where such communities are willing, at their own cost and hazard, to grapple with the difficulty and undertake their own purification, that the legislature should refuse to create for them the necessary machinery, or entrust them with the requisite powers."

Alas! this is not the first time that strong rhetoric has ended in weak action. The feeble recommendations of the committee for the dire disease they have gauged, we will examine in another paper.

**THE CONFERENCE ACADEMIES.**

BY WILLIAM F. WARREN.

SECOND PAPER.

In a previous paper the writer submitted several suggestions looking to the improvement of our Conference Academies. Some of them were a modification of the present ecclesiastical status of their principals, more consideration, and it possible, more compensation, for the faculties, permanent appointments for successful teachers, the introduction of women into all the various boards of trust, the abolition of literary lectures in these boards, and the holding of stated inter-academic conferences for the interchange of views and experiences. The length of that article forbade the mention of one other suggestion, more important, doubtless, than any of the above.

It has long seemed to the writer that a stronger emphasizing of the religious and Church character of these schools, both before the students and before the public, would strengthen them. Not one parent in a hundred, apart from town patronage, probably not one in a thousand, selects one of these schools for his boy or girl without taking into account the moral and religious influences which he believes to exist in it. It commands itself to him by reason of these influences, and if they were known to be stronger than they are, he would only deem it all the more desirable a place for the education of his child.

And why should not these schools be to our Church what Rugby and Eton and the Charterhouse are and have been to the Church of England? Why should not the worship and doctrine and life in them accord with the worship and doctrine and life of the fostering mother as fully as in those institutions? Why should they not be expected to serve primarily and pre-eminently the public that created them? Who has a right to object, if, having an ideal of cultivated Christian character higher and broader, as we believe, than that of any other great historic branch of the Church, we make the attempt to administer our own ecclesiastical seminaries with a view to the training of our youth into men and women who shall embody and illustrate that ideal, and who will love

the ecclesiastical mother who made such a training possible to them?

At present, that portion of the academic exercises which, in a religious school, ought to be the most satisfactory of all, is probably to thoughtful managers the least satisfactory of all. Reference is had to the daily worship of the school. It is not necessary to describe, and far be it from the writer to caricature, the exercise known as daily prayers in the average Conference academy. How different might and would it be were the whole institution conducted upon the principle that it is distinctively a Church institution, established and maintained to help in the work which Jesus Christ has little more of recognition, either in time allotted, or in form observed, than in the secular public high school. There seems to be as much chariness about introducing any distinctly Biblical or religious instruction as there would be if it were a State normal school. This is certainly a strange and unnatural state of things.

In making these academies what they should be in religious influence, one of the first of the as yet unpossessed requisites would be a suitable place of worship. To say nothing of larger people, the young judge of the relative importance attached to things very much by the provision made for their attainment, or for facilitating their practice. If an institution puts some thousands of dollars into a fine building exclusively for a gymnasium, yet considers a big, square, bare declamation-room in one of the other academic buildings a sufficient provision for such daily religious services as may be worth while, the students may never deliberately construct the appropriate syllogism out of these facts, but consciously or unconsciously they will certainly receive the impression which the facts suggest.

On the other hand, how different would be the effect of a beautiful Gothic chapel, so located and adorned as to be the centre of all the attractions of the grounds. Devoted exclusively to divine worship, free from all unallowed or common associations, suggesting nothing but fit and solemn thoughts, what an aid it would be to true devotion in the academic community come what may before God in daily acknowledgment of His mercies. And if into this hushed channel it were understood that no pupil was ever to pass unless at the instance of his superior, what a simple and natural object-lesson it would be in reverence for holy things. For use in this chapel there should be a sweet responsive service of song and psalm, with abundant provision for variation. Plenty of time should be taken for it. The students should have their part in alternate Scripture readings and in brief recitative chants or hymns from our matchless Hymnal. With such surroundings and participations the most mercurial and mischief-loving would find it easy to be orderly and devout. The whole atmosphere would be that of the sanctuary. Daily prayers would be to none a hurried and meaningless form; the service would be the chief and best act of the day. Religion would come to be a matter of every day living—worship a normal occupation. Reverence and modesty would thrive apace. There would be a growing desire for more of knowledge in spiritual things. A judicious increase of direct Biblical and ethical instruction would improve in quality. More of quiet, informal pastoral attention could be bestowed on each pupil in private. It would then seem natural and appropriate to think much of the cultivation of taste and of manners. The ecclesiastical character of the school being taken for granted, there would be a loyal interest and pride felt in the Church which created it. Her origins, her rich heritages from the ages behind her, her own heroic achievements in New World and Old, her catholicity and magnitude and promise, would stir the youthful imagination and generate a noble devotion. The inherent bigotry of youthful ignorance and inexperience would give place—not to indifference, not to shamefaced depreciation of all reference to religion, nor to heartless and profane scoffing; it would yield to an intelligent comprehension of the many-sidedness and amplitude of truth.

Why may we not see a thorough commitment of our academies to their proper function as schools of the Church? Not in the interest of sectarianism, but in the interest of true and catholic religion. Only as Church schools have they the will have ten-fold greater claims upon all their natural patrons. To many others, even, their attractions would be greater rather than less. It will at once remove them from all direct competition with mere public high schools. It will give them an educational significance far greater than they ever yet possessed. It will prevent them from farther progress in the downward road of secularization and in the

imitation of the worst features of secular colleges. It is even for the interest of the State that its denominational academies be sufficiently denominational to call out the fullest and best support of the bodies served. Even in the higher, the collegiate range of education, where in the absence of institutions administered by itself the State might seem to have a right to interfere with those charters—at least so far as to forbid sectarian teaching—it is certainly questionable whether it is for its own interest to do so. Hence in Massachusetts, in the college at Worcester, Roman Catholic theology and morals are regular portions of the curriculum, and at Amherst and Williams Colleges the Westminster Catechism is regularly taught to every class without State or public demerit. Even Harvard, in all its arrangements for religious influence, in its academic worship, its sermons and hymns and pastoral counsels, is precisely what the Unitarian denominational wish it to be. If such denominational sympathies and affiliations on the part of the colleges are not inconsistent with the best interests of the State, a thousand times less will similar ones be in that lower range of education where almost every town furnishes the parent as an alternative choice an entirely un denominational school of excellent character. On no general or public ground, then, need there be hesitation. The only questions are, Does our Church wish to have religion a controlling interest in her academies? and if so, will she provide for making it such?

WILBRAHAM, MASS.

**"TAKE A DRINK!"**

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

"Will is not a temperance man, Sue."

"He's a temperate man, and that suits me as well."

"Don't say that; I think with his organization, and in his profession, tipping is very dangerous."

"Now, you shan't call Will a tippler; don't you do it again."

"Well, there's one comfort; you will have to wait so long before you are married, that he may reform, or you may change your mind."

"As if he needed to reform! But you are quite mistaken; we're not going to wait. We're willing to live in a very quiet way. Will has twenty-five dollars a week, and I can do all our household work."

"You?"

"Yes, I; why not? Will won't be particular; and I can soon learn."

"And what kind of a house is it that you are to keep on twenty-five dollars a week?"

"O nothing but a second floor. Will says he knows two or three of the boys who live as snug as can be on salaries no larger than his, and what little they can make outside. We talked it all over last night, and I promised to get your consent to-day."

"Well, Sue, you must try for yourself. You are both old enough to decide without my interference."

"Then you are willing! O thank you, Ellen," and the vehement Sue threw herself into the arms of her motherly married sister, and showered her with kisses and tears and smiles.

"There, don't make a goose of yourself, dear. Is that the way you act with Will?"

"You don't know how we love each other, Ellen," said Sue, seating herself in her chair, and becoming dignified. "I would make every possible sacrifice for him, and so would he for me. And he's been so lonesome all his life; it would make you sorry for him if he should tell you about it. He's had to make his own way ever since he was a little child, and he never had a home—a real home. He says he's got lots of faults, and they all come from living out of doors."

"And you propose to bring him up over again and educate him?"

"Now, sister, don't be sarcastic. I'm sure it's almost impossible to be good without any love at all. Will says he feels that almost anything is possible now that I love him."

Mrs. Harris looked into the glowing face of the sweet little enthusiast, and she couldn't find it in her heart to be cold and careful, as she felt that she ought to be. Sue had always been different from her relatives—a creature with heights and depths that they knew nothing about.

"Will Perry suits her, and they may as well have each other and make the best of it."

Thus the older sister settled it in her mind, knowing that if the consent so meekly asked were withheld, the lovers would marry all the same without it.

Three months after this conversation, Will Perry, reporter for the *Daily*, and Sue Ingraham were married from the house of the bride's sister, her only near relative, and went straight to their own home, leaving out the formality of a bridal trip.

The young couple had taken three rooms in a moderately good neighborhood, and had furnished them in the simplest manner with some money that Ellen had given Sue as a wedding present. There was a little kitchen, with a tiny stove and bright oil-cloth.

A bedroom contained its appropriate furniture, of very cheap quality, but brightened and refined by many devices known well to the artist hands of loving woman; snowy draperies, and bits of embroidery and toilet-blendings of Swiss and pink ribbons made the little chamber look like a fairy nest. Next came the sitting-room, and here the same skill made the most of the small resources, till sister Ellen acknowledged that she never saw a more cozy place.

The first regular meal of our young housekeepers was an epoch in their history. Sue had cooked "every single thing," and cooked very well, too, for a beginner; and so much congratulation and frolic were mingled with such coolings and kissings that dessert was rendered quite unnecessary.

"Now, Sue," said Will at parting, "don't be alarmed if I'm not home when you expect me. I'm likely to be sent out of town any day, you know; so get dinner, and if I don't come, run over to Ellen's."

"But you will come if you can?"

"Of course I will! What a question! Don't look so forlorn; you never can be sure of me; that's one of the penalties of marrying a reporter, you know."

Sue tried to look bright, and went back to the breakfast table and began clearing off the remnants of their jovial meal. She soon lost her feeling of loneliness in the pleasures of "keeping" her little establishment; and, dreaming of the home coming, she spent the day in household cares, sewing and reading, and wasn't a bit lonesome—so she afterwards told Will.

As for Will, he came home at the appointed dinner hour and with him a brother reporter, his intimate friend.

"I wanted to show Harry how cozy we live," said the young husband, as he introduced Mr. Hubbard. "He don't believe in marrying on nothing, love in a cottage, and all that sort of thing."

"I shall be obliged to believe in it after this," was the reply; "at any rate, it works well in this case; and the young man's eyes wandered from the sparkling little wife to the neat, bright surroundings. "But exceptions prove the rule," he added laughing.

Sue's table looked enticing enough to beguile even a poor appetite; the linen and silver, given her by old friends as wedding presents, the simple viands, grouped with a thought of beauty as well as appetite, made Harry Hubbard think very seriously of making a home of his own.

"Get the wine-glasses, Sue," said Will, as they were going to sit down.

"Harry has brought some champagne," Sue murmured; she had been trained to total abstinence, and though she had often taken wine with Will, she hesitated to serve it at her own table.

"Don't be a goose," said the young husband, in reply to his wife's glance of appeal; so the glasses were brought, and the bright liquor sparkled and foamed, and the three, exhilarated with wine and happiness, sat long and talked gayly of the joyful present and the rosy future.

Thus did Sue allow her scruples to be easily overborne, and thereafter wine often appeared on their table, upon special occasions. More than once in the year that followed did Will come home, "not quite himself," but still so much himself that Sue could not find it in her heart to speak a word of blame. When she quietly remonstrated, he would say,

"You can't judge for me, Sue, dear. All the boys drink, and it's necessary. I shan't go too far; don't be afraid; I couldn't keep up, if we didn't drink sometimes."

But Sue was afraid, and often and often she blamed herself for not using all her influence against the use of liquors. She remembered the saying of her dead mother, that obeying one's conscience is like following a narrow path that leads into pleasant, fruitful fields; and disobeying conscience is like following a broad, easy path that leads speedily to a tangled, thorny waste. She had not done all she could for her husband's safety; rather, she had let herself drift with him into a state of insecurity. She knew well his social, generous nature; how hard it was for him to say "no" to his comrades; his love of frolic and hilarity; and she trembled lest some shock of temptation should destroy the balance that he had hitherto preserved.

By-and-by a baby was born. There was rejoicing, but there was also trouble, for the salary was no larger, and baby had many needs. The young mother was not strong, and the father did not know how to retrench his own personal expenses to suit the wants of the little stranger. About this time sister Ellen went to California, and Sue

began to feel the real pressure of life. Still she was happy; her home was very dear to her; her baby grew more beautiful every day, and Will was the best of husbands; only he was away so much, and Sue couldn't help feeling a little neglected.

It was not always business that kept him absent; he did not even pretend that it was; if Sue protested, she was answered with some excuse—the boys wanted him to go here or there, to do this or that, and he couldn't refuse. The very qualities that made him so dear to his wife, taciturn others, and neither knew how to control the power that was leading into temptation.

When baby was almost a year old, Sue fell sick. They were able to get the assistance of a young girl, and the little ménage was full of trouble. When Will came home, tired and hungry, and found only dreariness and discomfort, he was discouraged and miserable. Longing to do all for his wife that she needed, and angry with himself for his inability, he yet neglected the most obvious duties of self-denial and personal care.

When an impressive, sensitive nature is overworked and disappointed and depressed, the temptation to take stimulants is very strong. If the habit of "drinking" is formed, such circumstances almost inevitably lead such a man so far that self-control is forever lost; or lost till some great shock rouses the soul to combat its enemy. Will did not find at home the stimulation of hope and joy; he must work early and late; it was easy to bring back his ebullient resolution by repeated drinks; drinking was convenient; every other resource seemed to him inconvenient; so he drank more and more, and every day became more and more unfitted to meet the responsibilities of his position.

One day his chief detailed him to go to Boston to attend a convention. The Will Perry that Sue married would never have left the city without seeing his wife, or sending a trusted messenger to her; but our wine-bibber contented himself with sending a telegram, explaining his sudden absence. He had just been taking a drink when the order was given, and it was impossible for him to have a clear idea of his relative obligations. So it happened he was being carried rapidly away from home at the very time that Sue, grown suddenly worse, was longing for his return.

"Do you think he will come soon?" she said to the little servant.

"He must, m'am; it is almost dark, and he always comes at this time."

"When he isn't delayed," replied Sue, mindful of many disappointments. "There he is now," she added, with a glad smile, as the door-bell rang.

The girl went to the door, but instead of letting in Will, she took a telegram up to her mistress.

Sue's hands trembled so she could hardly hold the paper, and she was so oppressed by fear that she was a long time in making out this simple message: "Off for Boston; shall be gone two or three days; take care of yourself."

"Oh, why didn't he come home?" she said, while the tears gushed from her eyes. "I shall never see him again. What will become of us?"

By the next morning Sue was so sick that a neighbor was called in, who decided that Will must be sent for. A messenger went to Boston with orders to send Mr. Perry home immediately, at all hazards. To look for him was one thing; to find him was another. After several hours' delay, and much searching, it was discovered that he had gone out for a little yachting trip, and had been delayed by wind and tide.

Two days passed, and it was plain that unless the husband returned soon, he would never see his wife again. Poor Sue! loving, trusting Sue! Was this, then, to be the end? Must she die for want of love's tender care? It was even so. Sue was all alone in the dreary, desolate night, when she felt herself slipping out of life.

Only little Sue, with her dear, loving arms, her warm, soft kisses, kept the wretched father from suicide. He would live for his child; and he would live a free man, above the possibility of doing her such irreparable injury as her mother had suffered at his hands. And now, he would persuade men to leave off forever the habit of social drinking that so often leads to solitary misery, to crime, and to despair.



BY PROF. GEORGE PRENTICE, D. D.

Now it is because the General Conference never nominates any person, or persons, to the duties and emoluments of particular Churches or in any executive way determines who shall hold

Nobody knew to what extent this storm might reach, or when it would strike. Swiftly increasing irreverence for the house of God and alarming in-

experience and views of the negro question, which for the past eleven years I have been trying to solve. During those years I have bought a number of thousand acres of rich land, covered with grass, weeds and mortgages, in southwestern Louisiana, and sold it out into small farms of ten to forty acres each. I have sold it in five years' time to the ex-slaves, and more than one hundred families have purchased land, built houses, procured teams and tools, and are making themselves very comfortable. They have built meeting

sciousness of having, at least, spent ten

clouds. — *Selected.*

and instructive. The first, on "The Removal of Inherited Tendencies to Disease," is one of remarkable interest; and Dr. Black discusses the matter from a practical point of view, showing that counteraction must come through the more intelligent application of hygienic principles. Prof. G. J. Stanley, in "The Story of the November Meteors," prints a charming chapter on one of the most curious phases of astronomy. It is now known that about 300,000,000 meteors

*Wide Awake* opens with a front-piece that will make the boys dance with delight. "The Flower-School at Corlear's Hook" is very fully illustrated. "Retaliation" and "The Three Little Pigs" will please all readers. "Our American Artist" this time is Thomas W. Wood. "The Tramp's Dinner Party," "Only Fifteen," and "Sugar River" are titles of excellent stories, while the whole number is full of life and sport.

**THE**  
**THIRD**  
**Sunday,**  
**BY REV.**  
**THE**  
**I. Preliminary.**

1. EPHESUS  
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home of St. J.

3. The EPI-  
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The bears of  
Colossians —  
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of Christ.

The highest  
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of consolation  
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**II. Introductory.**

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every foe;  
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life, he calls  
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**III. Exposition.**

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## The Family.

### AT THE OLD FARM.

Yes, 'tis true. The blinds are closed, and the front door stands with crape. Surly from the house last eve stole a vague and awful shape. Dully seen by quiet eye—viewless, soundless, to the rest; Only one discerned the arrow ere its death long pierced his breast.

Whir, they say he kissed his wife! She was sitting by the door. With her patient, work-worn hands folded, for the day was over, she heard. And the twilight wind stirred softly, tapped the lilies on the lane. While belated bees came slowly homeward through the scented lane.

"Ruth," he said, and touched her brow, gently as a lover might. Stopped and kissed her, sitting there. She was struck with sudden fright. "Ah! what is it, John?" she cried. "Do you think I'm going to die?" "No," he answered, "no, dear wife. It is my own life."

Full ten years or more had passed since he'd given her a word. Thoughtful, feeling like, caring—she could scarce believe she heard. Rightly now, their talk, you see, was most part, about the farm—But, Ruth, the new Alderney, making hay; they meant no harm—Kindly, honest Christian folk, both the deacon and his wife; Only somehow they had lost all the romance out of life. And the love which began with, like a flower, overgrown with weeds. Struggled on, half-choked, half-buried, in the strife for worldly needs.

Well, the night came on apace. All the usual chores were done. And they went to bed as usual; rising at dawn, as of old. 'Twas no worth while burning candles; and at midnight, let a call. Wake the slumbering. One was taken, one was left—and that was all.

Lucy told me of the kiss. On her way to meet the choir. She had stopped to see Aunt Ruth, and she had heard of the kiss. That he was dead, she was dead. That he was dead, she was dead. That he was dead, she was dead.

### OBEDIENCE TO GOD'S COMMANDS.

BY MARIA BEUCE LYMAN.

"I have professed Christ for many years," said one not long since, "but I have never known that real joy and peace which are spoken of as the Christian's portion."

"There is something wrong here, brother," replied his companion, "for I know that there is a joy and rest for those who are in Christ of which the world knows nothing."

As the friends were about to separate, the cheerful Christian said: "I met your neighbor, Mr. B., last night; he is anxious about his soul. I prayed with him, and I think he is nearly persuaded to be a Christian. I want you to talk with him to-day."

"You don't know what you ask of me, brother; I have not spoken to that man for ten years!"

"Then you must speak to-day, for your own sake, as well as for his. You know what the good Book says: 'When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any; that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.'"

This passage of God's Word was blessed to the brother; he knew then the reason for his disquietude and lack of the Christian's joy; he had refused to forgive his neighbor, and he had reason to fear that his Father had not forgiven him. He went home and read over the passage that his brother had repeated, and the following verse stood out in golden characters, as it were, before him: "But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses."

Before he slept he confessed his sin to his neighbor, and was permitted to lead him to God. A peace to which he had previously been a stranger, flowed in upon his heart, and he rejoiced in the sweet consciousness of God's forgiveness and of his own adoption into His family.

There are many who come to God's altar and lay their gifts there, and then go away unblessed. They wonder why! Have they not given up the old life and begun the new one? Do they not pray at the prayer-meetings and let their light shine? Ah, yes, they have done all this; why, then, are they not cheerful, joyous Christians, basking in the sunlight of God's smile, and enjoying the peace and rest promised to the faithful ones? Oh, they have not obeyed all the command! The Lord Jesus said to His disciples: "If thou bringst thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath sinned against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." This, then, is necessary, "first be reconciled to thy brother." Are there not many who have brought the gift, but failed to obey the command which follows? So they wait doubtfully, sadly, wondering why others can talk of joy and peace while they have only doubts and fears. The Gospel of Christ is intensely practical. The Lord wants a willing surrender of the whole heart to Him; He does not wish a corner left for bitterness, anger and wrath. He commands us to "be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Another command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Many such are overlooked by those who profess to love God, so they fail to receive the full blessing, and enter not into the peace which may be the inner and blissful experience of the true child of God who seeks to obey all God's commands.

### DISCOURSE ON JUDAS AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A REMINISCENCE.

In the first year of my ministry, on a stormy Sabbath morning, I had a congregation of six, which increased to nine during the service. The remaining service was omitted. I went to another part of the circuit in an adjoining town to attend the evening service, and was requested to preach. I consented. The subject of discourse was Judas and the woe Christ pronounced on him. The prominent thoughts were that Judas was a converted man as were the other apostles. As Christ told the seventy sent by Him on a mission similar to that of the apostles, "Your names are written in heaven," meaningless if not an affirmation of their converted state, it was equally applicable to all thus sent, and Judas was one of them.

It was only a few days before His crucifixion that He said, "Have not I chosen you twelve and one of you is a devil?"—not was. If Judas, as Christ states this as his character, it follows that He chose a devil as His "familiar friend," and to preach His Gospel; thus giving ground for the accusation that He cast out devils by the prince of devils.

The besetting sin of Judas was covetousness; this was why he was called a traitor. There is no evidence that he purloined from the bag while he had the custody of it. As he that hateth his brother is a murderer, because hatred carried to its legitimate results becomes murder, so the covetous man is a thief in principle; covetousness prevailing results in theft. This disposition was manifested when he murmured at the waste of the ointment which "might have been sold for the hundred pence and given to the poor." Jesus reproved him and opened His heart to him: "It is not the poor you care for; you have them with you always, and when you will you may do them good." Judas was offended at this reproach, and brooding over it, his covetousness was strengthened and was fast gaining the mastery of him. When the Saviour said, "One of you shall betray me," Judas was then meditating how he might do it; and as he went out, Christ again reproved him, showing him that he had read his thoughts—"That thou doest, do quickly." None present but Judas knew the meaning of this. Here was the turning point in his character; he might have repented and fallen down before the Saviour, confessing his guilt, and would have been forgiven and restored, but he yielded to the temptation of Satan, and then "the devil entered in" and took full possession of him. He covenanted to betray Christ for thirty pieces of silver, and when he repented it was not godly sorrow, but the repentance of remorse—unavailing; and dying in that state, he "went to his own place." By yielding to Satan he became the son of perdition, and of his future we are warranted in saying it is eternal death. "Good were it for him had he never been born," cannot be too true, if, in some distant period in the future, he should come to heaven, for there would then follow an eternity of happiness. If Christ's words are true, Judas is forever lost.

These thoughts were presented to the congregation. The Church had been organized about two years previous; a goodly number had professed faith in Christ, and a large number had been converted. One was present who had been for a short time much troubled with doubts of her acceptance with God. Some of her friends with whom she had spent a few days, did not believe a person could know their sins forgiven; and their pastor had told her she might be deceived; that no true Christian could ever be lost, but many had deceived themselves, and referred to Judas as having been deceived; that he never was a Christian, but was always a devil. In a state of doubt in relation to herself, she received the sermon as a message of God to her soul and went from the church as happy as a Christian could be, filled with joy and a consciousness of her "acceptance in the Beloved."

Another young convert who was very clear in her religious experience, but had not united with the Church, was present, and the next day received a call from the pastor of another Church in town. He said to her, "I understand you have entertained a hope." She replied, "I feel very thankful that I have become a Christian." "What makes you think you are a Christian?" "Because the love of God is shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Spirit." "That is a very good reason, but we should be very careful not to deceive ourselves; the heart is very deceitful. Many have thought so and been deceived. Judas was deceived; he was never a true disciple—he was always a devil." "Then, sir," said the lady, "Christ called a devil to preach His Gospel." He did not like the reply, and taking his hat rather abruptly departed. She was not troubled with similar calls.

Another, a young man living a near neighbor to the pastor of the Church, was deeply awakened, passed a restless night, and early the next day called on the pastor, anxiously seeking the Saviour, and was that day brought into the liberty of the children of God.

These were some of the results of that evening service that came to my knowledge. God blessed the truth presented. It was timely, though I was unacquainted with any circumstance that would lead to the selection of that subject rather than any other. We may rest assured that the truth of

God, simply and faithfully preached, will be profitable to some in the audience, though we may never know the particular results in this life. The word thus sent of God will not return to Him void.

### MY VANISHED FRIEND.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

There are tones of her voice that will haunt me  
Till life hath lost its goal;  
There's a light in her eyes I'll remember  
Till memory dies in my soul.

There's a touch of her hand that will linger—  
The thrill of it will not depart;  
Till earth and its life are forgotten,  
And low in the dust lies my heart.

She came, as I sat in the shadow,  
And shone on my life like the sun;  
She went; but I'll hold her forever,  
My precious, my beautiful one!

### FROTH.

BY S. M. PALMER.

On the streams, and rivers, and seas,  
And oceans, there are places where  
A great deal of froth is manufactured. So  
in the streams, and rivers, and seas,  
and oceans of life there are amusements  
and pleasures, so called,  
and recreations assumptively, and pursuits  
for happiness, about as empty of real  
satisfaction as the froth is of water.

True, there is a little, a very little,  
water in the froth; so there is a little—  
substance, if you will, in the frothy  
pursuits so many are engaged in.

It one were to attempt to make water  
out of the froth floating on its surface,  
the result would be very small and unsatisfactory; just so the amount of real  
happiness, when condensed out of all  
sinful and even questionable pursuits,  
is alike very meagre and disappointing.

Alas! that experience to most  
should be like the stern lights of a ship  
—seen only from behind.

"The blessing of the Lord, it maketh  
rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it."  
The things of this world are very  
precious and satisfying, when used and  
enjoyed and pursued in the fear of  
God. "Godliness is profitable unto  
all things, having the promise of the life  
that now is."

Most fortunate are the young who  
take hold of life—come to assume the  
responsibilities of manhood and woman-  
hood—in the hearty enjoyment of religion.  
Such have senses to weigh the  
empty vanities of earth so sure to captivate  
the godless and lead them in a  
life-long, fruitless pursuit of what turns  
out to be froth.

The thirsty would seek in vain to  
satisfy their thirst with froth, and so  
the utterly worldly seeker after happiness  
or pleasure, though the water of life  
be so near, cannot find it, for he is  
not thirsty for it. He is not thirsty for  
the water of life, but for the frothy  
appetites attainable or inventible. But,

"Eternal wisdom hath prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste."

"O for a trumpet voice,  
On all the world to call,  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In Him who died for all!  
For all, my God was crucified;  
For all, for all, my Saviour died."

### The Little Folks.

#### THE FAIRIES IN FRIDOLIN'S COTTAGE.

BY ELEANOR S. DEANE.

The family at Riverside were in the  
sitting-room in the evening. The  
curtains at the west windows were  
stirred, the lamps not lighted, and  
all were enjoying the twilight. It was  
story-telling time.

"Isn't it my turn now, mamma?"  
asked Emmie.

"Yes, I told you I would tell a fairy  
story. Shall we have it now?"

"O yes, we may as well," said  
Frank; and all the girls were agreed.  
So Mrs. Eaden began:—

"The family of Fridolin and Freda  
had a merry time in the woods, when  
on a bright day before the real coming  
in of winter they went to gather ever-  
greens. Fridolin took an axe and cut  
and prepared for boughs for the family  
beds."

"For beds, mamma?" asked Emmie.  
"Did they sleep on the boughs  
of trees?"

"Yes, dear, in the winter. In summer  
the skin of a bear or fox laid on the  
floor sufficed for a bed; but in cold  
weather something more was needed  
for warmth, and the boughs were laid  
between logs of wood kept in place by  
stakes driven into the floor, which was  
of earth, trodden till it was smooth  
and hard."

"O dear! I wonder if they were  
comfortable."

"I suppose they were. A skin was  
laid over the boughs, with the fur side  
up, and another skin was used for a  
covering."

"Well, mother, the story."

"All in good time, my son. Are  
you all ready?"

"Yes, mamma."

"The day was so fine that going  
into the woods was a pleasant pastime,  
and nobody seemed to enjoy it more  
than little Wenda, who was sometimes  
on her father's shoulder, sometimes  
toddling beside Harald, sometimes  
holding by her mother's hand."

"As the fir boughs were made  
ready, Freda laid them together and  
bound them in bundles of different  
sizes with strings of leather, so that  
every one should have a load. Harald  
shouldered a parcel almost as large as

himself, and Wenda and Bran were  
garlanded with mistletoe and ivy,  
which honer they bore with great glee,  
and made much sport for their elders,  
and especially for Harald.

"I told you it was a common belief  
of the people that the good and harm-  
less sprites and fairies sheltered them-  
selves among the evergreens during  
the winter; so it was no wonder that  
these pleasant creatures went with  
them from the wood into their cabin.  
There were other unseen influences  
in and about the house, which in this  
story will be called fairies, for they all  
combined together to make this a  
happy family. So you may imagine  
them lurking among the red berries  
of the holly and ivy, swinging on the  
festoons of mistletoe, peering out from  
the clustered spines of the fir boughs,  
coming down at any moment to whisper  
each other, one would say, 'Take  
care, young master, don't press the  
snow into quite so hard a ball. Re-  
member, Wenda is a little, little girl,  
only half as old as you.' And to  
Wenda: 'Never mind, little one,  
though the snow did come into your  
face. Harald aimed at your squirrel-  
skin cap, and you turned your head  
just at the wrong time. Rub it off,  
and send a ball at Bran who is waiting  
for one. See, Harald has started to  
build a fort. Begin a ball and roll it  
off to where he stands. See how big  
it is, growing at every turn. And see  
how Harald works. Now, how well  
your great ball fits in.'"

"The mother knew that the spring  
was frozen over. She also knew that  
Harald had many times broken the ice  
with his hatchet, and that he wanted  
no better fun than to do so when it  
pleased him; but she said nothing.

"In less than a minute, however,  
the fairy Kindlichieb perched herself  
on Harald's shoulder and began talk-  
ing to him; not so that any one else  
could hear, or even so that Harald  
could hear with his ears, but only in  
his heart; and she said, 'Is it a good  
boy that refuses to go when his mother  
sends him?' And in his heart Harald  
answered, 'But the spring is all frozen  
over.' 'Yes, and there is the hatchet  
the good fairy brought you, and there  
are the wooden dipper and the leather  
bucket, and there are the warm fur  
gloves made for you by the dear  
mother who loves you so, and whom  
you are grieving, as you can see.'"

"Harald looked at his mother. She  
did have a sober look, and springing  
away from Bran, he took the dipper  
and gave it to the dog to carry. Then  
getting the hatchet and the bucket, he  
started for the spring, saying, as he  
left, 'I'll bring the water, mother, in  
no time at all.' Away went the boy  
with the fairy Kindlichieb still on his  
shoulder, Bran frisking before him,  
and Wenda calling, 'I'll ride when  
you come back, Harald.'"

"Then down came another fairy,  
Materlieb by name, and tried to drive  
away Freda's sad looks, saying, 'He's  
but young, little mother, and youth is  
apt to be thoughtless, but just as soon  
as he saw he had grieved you, how he  
ran to do as you wished. He'll be a  
good lad and a good man if you teach  
him well; but he wants your love. You  
must be glad when he is merry, and  
comfort him in his little troubles. See,  
he is coming with a full pail. He  
will look for a smile from you.'"

"And as the boy came, tugging and  
breathing hard with his heavy bucket,  
Freda greeted him with, 'Well done,  
my brave lad! What a fine quantity  
you have brought, and what thick ice!  
These young arms will get so strong  
they will cut down great trees in the  
wood by and by, and build ships, may  
be, to sail on the great sea.' And  
when Harald had set down the bucket,  
he stooped by the door to let Wenda  
clasp her arms round his neck, and  
away he went with her, the little girl  
shouting with merriment, and Bran  
jumping and barking with joy the  
while, and tossing the snow that glittered  
in the winter sunshine. Then,  
when Wenda had enjoyed the fresh  
air and a good slide on Harald's  
sledges, they all returned to the cottage,  
and the whole troop of fairies danced  
about the room, on the floor, on the  
shoulders of the mother, on her chil-  
dren, among the vines and berries, and  
were as nimble and as gay as gnats in  
the sunshine—if anybody could only  
have seen them."

"O, I wish I could, mamma!"  
said the jolly mother, go on."

"One day Fridolin said it was time  
Harald learned to make baskets, and  
he brought in a quantity of wood that  
he had prepared for the purpose.  
Harald looked at the strong smooth  
rib-pieces, the strips and withes, and  
was impatient to begin. Wenda, too,  
wanted to make baskets, and her  
mother said she might help; so they  
all sat around on the bear-skins that  
were laid on the floor, and began the  
work. The fairy company looked on  
with great interest and curiosity,  
thinking, 'O these human people!  
How awkwardly they do their work!  
Will they ever make anything equal  
to the fairy cups they tread on when-  
ever they go into the woods, or weave  
any web so delicate and true as those  
we find spread over the grass and  
among the trees in which we swing  
and play in the summer air? But  
they have need of coarser utensils, and  
do rougher work than we. So let us  
do our best to encourage the little ones  
that are learning.'"

"It would have been funny enough  
could the children have seen the tiny  
creatures beside them, guiding their  
unaccustomed fingers, helping them to  
select the proper pieces, and looking  
so wise and patronizing. 'Don't jerk  
that strip, master Harald,' so one of  
the fairies whispered. 'Don't you see  
that it pulls the ribs out of place?'  
The basket will not stand straight if it  
is one-sided. See, you have skipped  
one; you will have to draw that strip  
out and try again. Ah that will do.

Be patient and gentle, little man. You  
will make a fine basket yet, and be a  
brave man, one of these days."

"Then a gay little sprite whispered  
to Wenda, 'Ah! little one, you have  
chosen too broad a strip. Here is a  
slenderer one, just right for those wee  
fingers and that small basket. Now  
this way. O you've got into a tangle;  
give the work to the mother. She  
will right it. Now draw it through;  
mind the handle. Little Wenda will  
get a basketful of strawberries by and  
by in the meadow, and carry them to  
the lady Alix. Yes, and mother shall  
have some, too.'"

"So the good fairies with their  
pleasant talk made the hours of work  
seem as nice as play-time. They were  
always ready to attend the children in  
their plays, too. When they were out  
making snow-balls and playfully pluck-  
ing each other, one would say, 'Take  
care, young master, don't press the  
snow into quite so hard a ball. Re-  
member, Wenda is a little, little girl,  
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him well; but he wants your love. You  
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he is coming with a full pail. He  
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"And as the boy came, tugging and  
breathing hard with his heavy bucket,  
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you have brought, and what thick ice!  
These young arms will get so strong  
they will cut down great trees in the  
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when Harald had set down the bucket,  
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How awkwardly they do their work!  
Will they ever make anything equal  
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